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CORACLES.

THE Cymry have one taste in common with a deceased clerical epicure, the Rev. Dr Badham—they are very fond of fish. In this they differ from their Irish cousins, the most western members of that great aboriginal Celtic race who first colonised Western Europe. The Irish are not ichthophagists: the sport of listering or hooking a salmon is enough for them; and even the boatmen of Killarney, who prepare those delicious broils of lake-salmon on spits cut from the arbutus, prefer to make their own less romantic meal upon the sandwiches of the Sassenach. But Wales, blue, slaty, barren Wales, values the finny tribe according to their merits, and every bold Cambro-Briton is born under the sign of Pisces. Where, now that Dame Juliana Berners is forgotten, and the pleasant *Boke of St Albans* grown obsolete, will you find such wonderful receipts for fish-dinners as are treasured up in Welsh halls, Welsh farmhouses, old Welsh mountain-inns, in those quaint districts where there is yet a harper to twang forth the simple airs that Merlin is said to have composed? Fish were duly honoured in the good old times when those tales were fresh and new, whereof the *Mabinogion* is a patchwork. And did not Hueil Dda, the Great and Good, King of All Wales, and a sort of Celtic Alfred in his small way of business, estimate three fat salmon as the value of a white loaf, or a golden ring, or an *awmarch* of ale? And though few, if any, Celtic scholars of our degenerate epoch can say what an *awmwrch* may have been, still we know that white wheaten bread was eaten but thrice a year at the table of a Welsh prince, and we can therefore guess that salmon were things of price in that bleak principality, touching which Henry Beauclerc wrote to the Emperor of Constantinople, that it bred little but heath and heroes. But if the Welsh fisheries are small of produce in comparison with those of Scotland, of Ireland, or even with the English fishings of some seventy years ago, the quality of the finny spoil is admirable. Severn salmon will always command the highest price in the London market, but next in delicacy and richness to Severn salmon is the salmon of the Dee. After Dee, comes Conway. The Severn is scarcely a Welsh river, despite its romantic birthplace on the spurs of Plynlimmon. True, after laving the walls of Saxon cities, and spreading fertility through Saxon plains, the reedy stream comes back, at the very death-gasp, to end its career within sight of Cambrian hills. But the best fish are caught in Worcestershire and the bordering shire of Gloucester; and Monmouth, itself now English by act of parliament, does but come in

for the relics of the feast. Still, Wales has many a stream, and dark lake, and rock-creviced pool, where grand silvery fish lie awaiting the sportsman, or perhaps the poncher, for, alas! it is easier to handle a spear than to throw thirty yards of line with that intuitive delicacy which must be innate, for habit will hardly confer it. That very uncertainty of produce, that occasional scarcity, which makes the Bond Street fishmonger grumble when he expects a call from that sublime gastronomic correspondent of the *Times*, and cannot offer him Corwen salmon, is perhaps lucky for the sportsman. If fish are rare, so are stake-nets, and bag-nets, and crives, and all the ugly snares which in the best of Scottish waters are certain to lie in wait for the life of the innocent fish, and which threaten the extinction of poor *Salmo*, in spite of all his somersaults and bounds. Poaching there is, and of a highly scientific quality; but the Welsh 'blackfisher' is a man of strong conservative tendencies, and he loves to use a spear of just the dimensions, barbs, points, stem, and all, which were fashionable when Owen Glyndwr was studying law in Fig Tree Court, so the Salmonide get a chance which prosaic nets do not afford them. There was the vale of Llangollen, for instance, a darling haunt of fish and fishers, before the big noisy ironworks, with their tall chimneys, resounding hammers, and volleying puffs of black smoke, combined to frighten away poets and Piscators alike. Never was a vale so desecrated as Llangollen: the ballad survives the reality, and Jenny Jones and Edward Morgan are 'hands' now, one being in the cotton, the other in the iron, interest.

In the old days, there were really pretty cottages, farmhouses where Jenny milked and span, doubtless, while her rhyming lover tended the surefooted flock on the mountain, and the most rustic of inns, with its porch clustered with roses and honeysuckle, where, at anyrate, the traveller was sure of broiled trout and dairy produce in perfection. Then, too, you might be sure of a salmon in every reach of the river, and the trout and parr were as plenty on the shallows as bleak at Richmond.

Probably the best salmon-fishing place on the river Dee, and certainly the most picturesque, is at the Falls of Yrbistoc, in Flintshire. There the swift Deva, rushing like a millrace, takes a sudden leap over a mighty weir of rocks and hewn masonry, and falls boiling and white into a huge black pool below. The very sight of the river, below the weir, would do a salmon-fisher good. In few streams is water so utterly pellucid, so entirely transparent, so black from its sheer depth, and so curiously commingled in brightness and darkness, as the water of the foamy Dee. Up this weir, at certain seasons, the great fish fling themselves, in

their hurry to reach the safe spawning-grounds upstream. It is a curious sight, then, to watch the 'droves' of salmon, as they are technically called, hustling up to the cataract, stemming the rapids with their broad muscular tails, and battling for precedence like a mob round the hustings. How they rise in a succession of mad leaps, falling back but to spring again, splashing, struggling, toiling, and churning the water into milk-white froth, as up, still up, they go, like a string of acrobats in glittering scaly armour, and the tightest pink-silk fleshings! Then, alas, does the poacher await them, with barbed spear and nervous arm, and makes as cruel havoc among the 'drove' as ever did Homeric hero among the Greek or Trojan privates at the siege of Troy. But it is not always that the salmon are migrating from the sea; the spear hangs often idle, and the rod is the only magic wand that can conjure salmon out of the limpid deep. Now, the Welsh miners are remarkably fond of salmon, not to sell, but to eat, when cooked according to certain approved receipts with which the bards were doubtless acquainted, and which have come down unchanged from the druidical days. So, when the miner has a spare afternoon, he goes off to the Falls of Yrbistoc with rod and line and mighty wooden pinn, and creel of plaited flags, and hat stuck full of flies of killing quality. One more requisite he has to provide himself with—his boat. Standing on the shore, a tourist is amazed to behold the approach of what appears to be the shell of some colossal oyster, circular, white, and shining in the sunbeams. Presently, a pair of legs become visible beneath the screen, and anon the owner of this strange vessel nears the bank, tottering under its weight, sets it down, inverts it, launches it without much ceremony, and proceeds very gingerly to embark. This latter feat is an exploit that requires remarkable judgment and discretion. There lies the coracle in shallow water, bobbing and dancing in the liveliest manner, as light as a feather, and as easily toppled over as an egg-shell. To get on board without a capsize and a ducking, the bold mariner must step precisely in the centre of the frail bark, throw his weight to a nicety upon one spot, avoid all lateral impetus, and neither jerk, nor push, nor bear unduly on his tiny vessel's sides, under penalty of a cold-water cure for rashness. Once on board, the fisher crouches down, grasps his paddles, and with dexterous hand pilots his course through shoal and shallow, between sharp rocks—one touch of whose edges is destruction—right up to the bay where the water rolls in thunder over the wave-worn parapet, and the foam-flakes drift along in fleecy masses to the deeply wooded banks. Here lie some seven or eight other coracles, wheeling about amid the strife of waters, and managed by their occupants with the consummate skill that practice alone bestows. They are archaeological curiosities, these coracles. When the Grecian fleet of petty sail-boats was timidly creeping along the coast, and rounding the headlands towards Troy, the coracle was no doubt already floating, just as we see it now, on British meres and streams. Triremes and quinquiremes have grown and died out, naval architecture has flourished in a hundred forms, the caravel of Columbus has been succeeded by the *Great Eastern*; but still the coracle survives, the contemporary of one and all. Cesar saw them, and wondered at them; and we can do no more. In Cesar's time, however, coracles were chiefly constructed of wicker-work and of hides, though the bee-hive shape is identical. Now a days, they are invariably of canvas or white linen, smeared over with some varnish in most cases, and stretched, not on a wicker, but an ashen or willow framework. This sounds like an innovation, but I doubt if it be so wholly. The 'white coracle,' the 'boat like the swan's breast,' are expressions attributed to Taliessin, and in the *Triads* the simple barks of the country are mentioned as the 'hide-boats' and 'boats of wool' indiscriminately; and we

know that linen was plentiful in Wales, when our Saxon ancestors were wearing under-garments of wool.

There, where the bold arch of the cascade touches the frothy whiteness below—where the bubbles rise to the surface of the waves, and gleam prismatic in the sunlight—where the billows spout through crevices of rock, and fret and chafe against the reef, and boil and bound like a living creature in its agony—there, in that hell of waters, the Welsh salmon-fisher plies his fearless trade. How gallantly they face that rush, and roar, and eddying whirl, keeping their frail cockleshells poised on the edge of a rolling hillock of water, calm and skilful, plying the paddle with the left hand, so as to leave the right free for the heavy salmon-rod! And how dexterously, how lightly do they manipulate that ponderous rod, throwing the line here, there, everywhere, so that the fly drops, as if alive, among the wheeling foam-bells! Ah, it is easy, perhaps, after a trifling practice of two seasons, or thereabouts, to cast a fly when one's feet are firmly planted on the substantial green-sward! but in a coracle, in an eggshell-boat of linen and twigs, to fish scientifically while stemming the force of a furious river, life or death depending on every quiet sweep of the paddle, is quite another affair. Yet these descendants of Cadwallader seem comfortable enough in their minds, and sing the while, in their many-consonanted tongue, and their voices harmonise well with the deep murmur of the Falls, as the endless current goes by. Their choice of songs is not a large one, varying between some old ditty that Merlin's nurse may have used to hush him to sleep, and a Methodist hymn, which sounds pretty in Welsh, however. The strange, wild words would impart a grandeur even to Sternhold and Hopkins; and the tune is sure to be faultless, for the Welsh take to music as the song-birds do, and sing air nearly as ancient.

It is a pretty sight, too, when a big fish is hooked and fighting valiantly for his life, to watch the cool courage of the fisher, towed as he is, in his nautical-shell, round and round, up and down, between jagged rocks, over beds of tangled weed, into the jaws of danger everywhere. But he paddles and steers, plays the fish, and struggles with the river, all at the same time. Much skill and patience generally produce their effect, and bring the big fish panting up to the side. Then the fisherman, catching the rod in his teeth, snatches up the gaff-hook with the disengaged hand, and, while still paddling, ends the contest by a neat stroke of the glistening steel. Meanwhile, the occupants of the other coracles, each crouched in his almost transparent boat, where he can feel the chill of the gurgling water, look on breathlessly at the great action of Man v. Fish; and the peasant-girls, in the hideous black hats, and pretty blue jackets, and showy golden ear-drops, who are passing to the bleachfields, set up a good-natured crow of guttural congratulation. As the great gasping monster is hauled out, flapping idly with his broad tail, the reapers from thecroft above, and the spectral figure who is carrying home a great many hundred yards of real Welsh flannel from the bleaching-grounds, artistically swathed about his body and limbs like mummy-wrappings, and the red-whiskered tourists with the crumpled hats and awkward knapsacks, all come crowding up to get a nearer view of the interesting stranger. And when the fish is fairly landed, other fishermen gather to 'heft' the prize, and calculate his weight, and remark on his condition. Perhaps that fish will next day repose on a marble slab in front of Grove's Bond Street Emporium, while streams of icy water, that once congealed in an American lake, play over the slain hero. Meanwhile, another tourist is standing waist-deep in the rapid river, casting his line with a heavy two-handed rod, Aldred or Chevalier's best twenty-foot salmon-rod, as per advertisement, wearing India-rubber boots as high as those

sported by the lamented Ducrow, and trying very much to look as though he liked it. This little harmless hypocrisy is necessary, because four men of his college are looking at him from above the Fall, and representing Public Opinion. It is no agreeable work, that wading and plashing up to one's watch-guard in water, struggling not to be carried off one's feet, and treading on a rough surface of slate and pebbles; but if the coracle seems more tempting, it is a great deal more treacherous. No man not entitled to wear the leek on St David's Day, to write *Ap* after his name, and to pronounce words of thirteen consonants and no particular vowels, without incurring dental dislocation, *has* any business in a coracle.

The Anglo-Saxon thinks he can do everything. Let him get into a coracle, and try to navigate it, and when he finds himself as helpless as a bear in a washing-tub, he will probably acknowledge his mistake; and whatever he may think of the cry, 'Wales for the Welsh,' will own that 'Coracles for the Welsh' is a most reasonable reservation. Then, too, a coracle will not, without extreme risk, carry two persons; yet Oxford and Cambridge men, on what they are pleased to call a 'reading' excursion, *will* bribe the boatmen, *will* embark in the egg-shell, and *will* 'go in' for a ducking. The consequence is, that every year occur several deaths from drowning, every death representing a terrible sum-total of blighted hopes, affections nipped by cruel frost, the pride of some fond family, the first-love of some innocent girl's heart, perhaps, snatched away.

'But we can swim,' young men say, 'and what does a ducking matter?' Misguided tourist! you will never get the use of your strong young limbs in case of a capsize, but will be drowned, hopelessly helplessly drowned, like a mouse in a patent trap, before you can swim a stroke. Nine times in ten, the coracle turns over upon its late occupants, pinning them down beneath the water, blinding, and smothering, and drowning them, without a chance of escape. Very rarely is any one saved in these accidents, unless prompt help be found; and strength and activity go for little or nothing. Isis outriggers, bark canoes, and Turkish kirlangists are dangerous enough, but they are safety itself when compared with our picturesque friend, the coracle.

THE MODEL FOR AN ARMY.

THERE is no greater proof of the present force of public opinion, and of its imperative demand for improvement and reform in all branches of the state, than the revolution which has taken place of late years in the minds of military men. It was an often quoted saying of the Great Captain of the Age, that a soldier was none the worse for being able and willing to read his Bible; and this, though assented to pretty generally, was thought to be a great admission, and something against which a good deal might nevertheless be urged. A later and lesser Captain ventured to be the advocate of education among all ranks in the army, including the officers, and carried his system into practice, though not, of course, without encountering excessive opposition. A third great Soldier, superior even to the first in many things, of well-tried courage and conduct, of a spirit generous beyond what we read of even in the days of Chivalry, and admitted by all to be a wise and worthy master of men, has just bequeathed to his adopted country—for he has unfortunately been compelled by failing health to return from India—a sketch of what an army, in his judgment, may be made to be, which fulfils the most ardent wishes of the believer in progress.

Sir James Outram is no visionary theorist; he is as well and practically acquainted with the great subject of Military Organisation as any man in India; and yet, seeing how much was lacking, and

how much was wrong, he does not despair of supplying its deficiencies and correcting its faults, in future. Modestly as his great scheme is presented to the consideration of the government—with a courteous suggestiveness, and confessed liability to correction, which are characteristic of the man—it is impossible to fail to see how earnestly and firmly he believes in the practicability of all he proposes. His aims, it is true, are high; but if even the result falls short of them, how far, far superior, yet, would be an army formed after the mere shadow of his plan, to that British one, of which, beholding its noble intrepidity in the field, we are too prone to boast as perfect.

'I desire to replenish,' says he, 'the local force (that is, the Indian army) with a higher class of men than those who form the present average of our British armies—to entice into our ranks the steady, sober, and moral peasants and artificers of Britain—and steady, sober, moral, and intelligent men of a still higher parentage and education, but of humble means and unimportant connections. Such men I would seek—in the interests of the state, and for the honour and moral influence of our nation in this country—to attract to our colours, by opening to every private of high moral character, and superior zeal and ability, the opportunity of working his way up to the highest of our staff-appointments, and to the highest of our military ranks and commands. I propose to make such afeat difficult of accomplishment—too difficult of accomplishment to awaken any reasonable jealousy of those who enter the army as commissioned officers; but still sufficiently practicable to the worthy, the able, the resolute, the industrious, to offer a strong inducement to such to enter the service. And I propose to allow steady, sober, intelligent, and industrious privates to attain the dignity of a commission on still lower terms. I propose to allow *any* private who, by professional excellence and good-conduct, has raised himself to the position of a non-commissioned officer, and who, having for a certain length of time served with honour in that position, has possessed himself of the accomplishments (general and professional) required of an ensign aspiring to a lieutenant's commission, to earn for himself, as of right, by honourable service as a non-commissioned officer, an ensign's commission, with subsequent promotion according to certain defined rules.'

Sir James Outram is not unaware of the violence of those class prejudices which must needs be arrayed against him or any man proposing a measure of this too equitable sort. Reluctantly, it is true, and not concealing his reluctance, he so far gives way to them as to 'abstain from recommending' the conversion of deserving non-commissioned officers into *Regimental* commissioned officers. He only advises that they may be furnished with *unattached* commissions, and proposes that they should be employed—with the position and all the social consideration attaching to commissioned officers—in the various departments now held by 'clerks,' 'deputy' and 'assistant commissioners,' and 'conductors,' whose monthly salaries are equal to, and above that of regimental ensigns, lieutenants, and captains. 'How many hundreds of men there are,' writes he, 'of fair education—men conscious of great but undeveloped capabilities—who pine under the galling conviction that they are pottering away valuable existence in pursuits unworthy of their powers, or who, chafing under the conviction, are driven to irregular courses, or seek to amend their lot in a foreign land, or devote themselves to political agitation—who would rush to our recruiting dépôts were they assured that by hard work, and zealous conduct and steadiness, they could secure honourable employment under the Indian government, and possibly raise themselves to the rank of officers and the position of gentlemen. Under such a system, respectable parents would no longer mourn

over a son who had taken to the ranks, as degraded if not lost, as a sorrow and a reproach to his family. On the contrary, the ranks of the local Indian service would be, to those below the middle classes, just what the Company's commissioned service was wont to be to the middle classes, and the good repute of the local service would be reflected on the royal army. And what would not be the advantage to India of the presence of such a body of men as our European local corps would become under the moral influence of the class of men I speak of, and under the influence of that fine spirit of emulation in steadiness and mental accomplishments which the adoption of my scheme would induce !

The whole body of troops—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—are to be subjected to a course of school instruction, according to their several requirements, ranging upwards from simple reading, writing, and arithmetic, to such higher branches of education as it may from time to time be found practicable to afford instruction in ; while to each regimental school a Senior department is to be added, that non-commissioned officers and privates may avail themselves of further advantages, if they wish. Such students as, after four years in the senior department, are reported to have acquired a creditable acquaintance with all the subjects of study, and shall produce from commanding officers certificates of being good and efficient soldiers, and steady, sober, and well-conducted men, to be placed on a general Roll of 'Qualified Candidates for minor staff-posts,' and to be eligible for various clerkships and sub-employments.

'Non-commissioned officers who have creditably passed through the senior department—who have done regimental duty for not less than three years as non-commissioned officers—who have acquired themselves to the entire satisfaction of their commanding officers—and who aspire to the attainment of commissions—to be permitted to attend the instructions of the station-instructors, at the head-quarters of their division, for a period of eighteen months. During this period, to be attached to those arms of the service to which they do not themselves belong ; and, on its expiry, should they, during the whole of that period, have conducted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the commanding officers under whom they have been placed, to be permitted to present themselves at the examination of ensigns aspiring to be lieutenants.'

The appointment of commissioned officers is to rest, as at present, with the Secretary of State for India, and the candidates to be subject to the present 'pass' examination, in addition to having to give evidence of being expert swimmers, accomplished and bold riders, fair fencers, and rapid and accurate sketchers. No ensign to be promoted to be lieutenant, no lieutenant to be made captain, and no captain to be major or lieutenant-colonel, without passing in respect to each grade, (1) a general examination, (2) a professional examination, proving his fitness for the grade to which he aspires. Notwithstanding all this advocacy of education, Sir James Outram confidently appeals to all who know him to witness that he is the very last man to wish to make bookworms out of either officers or men. For that large class who do not care for intellectual pleasures, he would provide every sort of recreative establishment—gymnasia, bowling-alleys, racket-courts, and shooting-galleries, *under cover*, so that 'our soldiers shall be without excuse for, on the one hand, lounging all day in their drill barrack-rooms, dozing, gambling, grumbling, or wasting their time, or, on the other hand, for wandering forth in the noonday heat ; and that those of them who take no interest in books or industrial occupations, as well as those who, after devoting themselves for some time to such pursuits, seek vent for their superfluous energies, shall at all times have at hand the means of engaging in a variety of manly and

interesting exercises, without exposing themselves to the sun. I care not how plain or shabby be the structures which I solicit on their behalf, provided they afford perfect shelter, and are adequately ventilated.'

He would erect near every European barrack a covered swimming-bath ; and especially, he would improve the character of the Canteen, and the condition of the dwellings of the private soldier. Upon this matter, addressing the viceroy of India and his own colleagues in the commission appointed to consider the question of military organisation, he says : 'I know that, were I addressing the public, instead of the honoured nobleman and colleagues whom I do address, I should, by expressing such an opinion, lay myself open to ridicule and censure. By some, I should be laughed at as a *doctrinaire*, who aimed at dressing our troops in purple and fine linen, and bringing them on parade like theatrical brigands in pumps and silk stockings ; as one who believed that if revolutions were not to be "extinguished with rose-water," discipline, at all events, might be maintained by Eau-de-Cologne. By others, I should be seriously taken to task for seeking to "pamper" our soldiers, to awaken in them tastes unsuitable to their position and prospects in life, and to unfit them, while in cantonments, for the rough business of the field. His excellency the viceroy and my honourable colleagues know that, be my views right or wrong, I am neither a *doctrinaire* nor a pamperer of soldiers. But I confess myself one of those who believe that external circumstances very powerfully influence the inner man, and that there is a very intimate connection between material and moral refinement. Every argument in favour of substituting neatness for squalor in the dwellings of the humble classes in civil life, appears to me as logically establishing the propriety of elevating mere neatness into elegance. And every argument in behalf of uncostly and modest elegance, which is valid in respect of the civil population, I conceive to be, *a fortiori*, applicable to their military brethren. Let any one inquire, in any barrack-square, for the quarters of any of the best and most efficient soldiers who happen to be married to decent wives—I will answer for it he will find the man's room furnished, as far as means allow, with all attainable conveniences and little luxuries, such as he would find in a comfortable cottage at home ; and he will learn that, in exact proportion as this is the case, the man is a steady good soldier, on whom his officers can depend. If the men's wives find that these decencies and conveniences are powerful aids to the other attractions of home, and help to keep their husbands steady and contented, without in any way taking from their professional qualifications, why should we doubt that similar results would follow in the case of those who have no home but the public rooms of the barrack ?'

Not only in cantonments, but on board all transports, he recommends that every means of recreation for the soldiers may be provided. 'Bull boards, chess, draft, and backgammon boards, and such like recreative appliances, should be regarded by those who are intrusted with the fitting out of transports as scarcely less necessary than lime-juice and preserved meats. Many a man devoid of any taste for reading has, I believe, been saved from plunging into the coarser enjoyments of Indian barrack-life by having learned and acquired a passion for chess during his voyage out to this country.' Especially he insists that the European private should be taught on board ship something of the place he is coming to, and of the manner of life that will be most conducive to his health there. He suggests that lectures upon this subject might be delivered, and divert the tedium of the voyage ; and no one who has seen much of the European soldier on his first arrival in India, can doubt that the lessons thus given would

prove to him very useful, smoothing away many of his early difficulties, and saving him from many an imposition, and many a fracas with natives.'

It is impossible, in the scanty space here permitted to us, that we can touch upon one-tenth of the hopeful suggestions given to us by Sir James Outram in his long and laborious Report. He seems to have literally omitted nothing. He rarely proposes any measure without resolutely meeting and disposing of the probable objections to it, or recommends any expenditure without shewing how the investment is to be repaid. We will conclude with some deeply interesting remarks of his upon a matter which, from his anxious reiteration, it is plain has been but too little adverted to—namely, the behaviour of officers to their men. If the natives of India had been less kicked about, and less habitually denominated 'black fellows,' it is possible we might have been spared the late revolt. It is certain that, in the case of Europeans, any friendly kindness from superior to inferior is greatly estimated by the recipient—more greatly perhaps from its comparative rarity—and should be far more widely practised than it is. Sir James Outram is not alone in deeming that discipline far from suffers from the familiar intercourse of officers and men. Sir Henry Lawrence, 'the wisest, the truest, and the most practical soldiers' friend that England has produced,' was quite of his opinion in this matter. 'His theories,' says Sir James, 'were all reduced to practice. At Lahore, at Aboo, at Lucknow, he was wont to give effect to them by many a soldiers' picnic; his sad but noble countenance brightening with benevolent joy as dish after dish of good things vanished down the comprehensive throats of his humble guests; his fine musical voice leading with unaffected gusto the "hip, hip, hurrah" with which the honest fellows, as they quaffed their beer, cheered their "Queen," their "Colonel," their "Colours," and their "Chaplain," winding up with "Our wives and babies," and "Our noble selves;" and his feeble but active frame quivering with delight as, by the addition of some portion of his own (invariably shabby) dress, he strove to enhance the grotesqueness of a mummer's costume, or encored a comic song, or successfully pleaded with the commanding officer for "one more donkey-race," or, after a rummage among the hampers, shouted out the glorious discovery that there was still "another box of squibs and crackers."

It was at entertainments of this kind, too, though the spectators knew it not, that the keen eye of Lawrence was upon every officer, noting those who really sympathised, and those who merely affected to sympathise, with the merry *abandon* of the men; those who possessed, and those who did not possess, the faculty of winning their regard and respect; those who fraternised with the roughest private without loss of dignity, and those with whom familiarity tended to beget contempt. And it was mainly, we are told, from what he observed on one of these occasions, that he fixed upon Colonel Inglis as the man best fitted to succeed himself in the chief-ship of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow.

In this wonderful Report of Sir James Outram's, so practical and so particular in its details, there is yet no touch of red tapeism. It has all the advantages of one of the Blue-book skeletons, with flesh and blood and the breath of life superadded; nor does he scorn to use the lightest anecdote, so long as it can be depended upon for truth, and helps his argument. Here is a lesson, such as no man can read without pleasure as well as profit, concerning the duty of officers towards the wives and children of their men. 'It is not enough that officers should invariably be kind to the women and children of their men—few are otherwise—but they should be *methodically* so. The women should feel, and their husbands and husbands' comrades should see, that the most trifling matters affecting their comfort and happiness engaged

their officers' constant and solicitous attention. They should be addressed as if it were assumed that every woman was, in feelings, a lady, and in moral tone all that her best friends could wish. One little incident that occurred under my own command, serves well to illustrate the appreciation which soldiers have of respectful conduct on the part of officers to their female relatives. An officer who, like the rest of his comrades, had to leave all his property behind on the evacuation of Lucknow, was, on his arrival at the Alumbagh, accosted by a sergeant and two privates of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who brought him several silver articles which he had left in his room on the occasion of his starting for the Dilkoosha in charge of ladies and children of the garrison, twenty-four hours before the troops finally moved out of the intrenchment. "It was a small thing, sir," said the honest sergeant, in reply to the earnest thanks of my astonished friend, "to do for you and your good lady, who made us tea with her own hands, yes, and brought it to us every day we were on duty near your quarters; and this, sir," he added, pointing to one of the men, "is an old friend, sir; he knew you at Warley. Here, Jack, speak up for yourself to the gentleman." And Jack promptly answered the summons. "Yes, sir," he said, "there's much come and gone since then, but I knew you the moment I seen you, and I told them all about you, sir. It's not every officer, sir, as brings presents to our babies, and lifts his hat to our wives, and calls them ma'am. She's gone, sir, she's gone," added the honest fellow, brushing a tear from his manly eyes; "but she minded you to the last; and the time the colonel and you stopped your carriage to give her a lift, poor lass, from the railway on that wet afternoon." We may depend upon it that kindly presents given to soldiers' babies are crumbe thrown on the water, that after many days will return with interest, if not to the donors, at least to the service; but more valuable still is that respectful deference shewn to soldiers' wives, symbolised in the act of "calling them ma'am."

With this simple but touching illustration of the advantages of the law of love—forming Sir James's 109th suggestion, and raising its head among the arid statistics of the subject like a flower in a brick-field—so chivalrous, so tender, so wise, we may fitly close our notice of the official Report of the Bayard of India.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXII.—WA-KA-RA.

THE lodges were aligned in double row, with a wide avenue between them. At its head stood one of superior dimensions—the wigwam of the chief. They were all of conical shape—a circle of poles converging at their tops, and covered with skins of the buffalo, grained and bleached to the whiteness of wash-leather. A split in the front of each formed the entrance, closed by a list of the hide that hung loosely over it; and near the top of each appeared a triangular piece of skin, projecting outward from the slope of the side, and braced, so as to resemble an inverted sail, of the kind known as *lateen*. It was a wind-guard to aid the smoke in its ascent.

On the outer surface of each tent was exhibited the biography of its owner—expressed in picture-writing. More especially were his deeds of prowess thus recorded—encounters with the cougar and grizzly bear—with Crows, Cheyennes, Pawnees, and Arapahoes—each under its suitable symbol.

The great tent of the chief was particularly distinguished with this kind of emblematical emblazonment—being literally covered with signs and figures, like the patterns upon a carpet. No doubt, one skilled in the interpretation of these savage hieroglyphs, might have read from that copious cipher many a tale of terrible incident.

In front of each tent stood tall spears, with shields of *parfleche* leaning against them; also long bows of *bois d'arc* (*maclura aurantica*), and shorter ones of horn—the horns of the mountain-ram. Skin-quivers, filled with arrows, hung suspended from the shafts; and I observed that in almost every grouping of these weapons there was a gun—a rifle.

This did not astonish me. I knew that, to the Utah, the medicine weapon is no longer a mystery.

Here and there, hides freshly flayed were pegged out upon the grass, with squaws kneeling around them, engaged in the operation of graining. Girls, with water-tight baskets poised upon the crown of the head, were coming from or going towards the stream; men stood in groups, idly chatting, or squatted upon the turf, played at games of chance. Boys were busy at their bow-practice; and still younger children rolled their naked bodies over the grass, hugging half-grown puppies—the companions of their infant play. Troops of dogs trotted among the tents; while a mixed herd of horses, mules, sheep, goats, and donkeys browsed the plain at a little distance from the camp.

Such was the *coup d'œil* that presented itself to my gaze as we rode up to the Utah encampment.

As might be expected, our arrival caused a change in the occupation of everybody. The dicers leaped to their feet—the squaws discontinued their work and flung down their scrapers upon the skins. 'Ti-ya!' was the exclamation of astonishment that burst from hundreds of lips. Children screamed, and ran hiding behind their dusky mothers; dogs growled and barked; horses neighed; mules binnied; while the sheep and goats joined their bleating to the universal chorus.

'On to the chief's tent!' said my companion, gliding to the ground, and preceding me on foot, 'yonder! the chief himself—Wa-ka-ra!'

An Indian of medium size, and perfect form, in leggings of scarlet cloth, tunic of embroidered buck-skin, head-dress of coloured plumes, with crest that swept backward and drooped down to his heels; a gaily striped *serape*, suspended scarf-like over the left shoulder, with a sash of red China crape wound loosely around the waist, completed a costume more picturesque than savage.

A face of noble type, with an eye strongly glancing, like that of an eagle; an expression of features in no way fierce, but, like his dress, more gentle than savage; a countenance in repose, mild—almost to meekness.

Had I known the man who stood before me, I might have remarked how little this latter expression corresponded with his real character; not that he was cruel, but only famed for warlike prowess. I was face to face with the most noted war-chief of America: whose name, though new to me, was at that moment dreaded from Oregon to Arispe, from the banks of the Rio Bravo to the sierras of Alta California. It was *Walker*—the war-chief of the Utahs—the friend of the celebrated trapper, whose name he had adopted; and which, by the modification of Utah orthoepy had become *Wa-ka-ra*.

An odd individual—a very odd one—was standing beside the chief as I rode up. This appeared to be a Mexican, to judge by his costume and the colour of his skin. The former consisted of *jaqueta* and *calzoneros* of dark-coloured velvetine, surmounted by a broad-brimmed *sombrero* of black glaze; while the complexion, although swarthy, was several shades lighter than that of an Indian. He was a man of diminutive stature, and with a countenance of a serio-comical cast. An expression of this kind pervaded his whole person—features and figure included—and was heightened by the presence of a singular accoutrement, that hung suspended from his leather waist-belt. It was a piece of timber some eighteen inches in length, and looking like the section of a boot-tree, or

the half of a wooden milk-yoke. At the thick end was a concavity or socket, with straps, by which it was attached to the belt; and this odd apparatus hanging down over his thigh, added to the grotesque appearance of its owner.

The little Mexican had all the cut of a 'character,' and he was one, as I afterwards learned. He was no other than the famous Pedro Archilete, or 'Peg-leg,' as his comrades called him—a trapper of Taos, and one of the most expert and fearless of that fearless fraternity.

The odd accoutrement which had puzzled me was nothing more than an artificial leg, which, however, he only used upon occasions; whenever the natural one—the ankle of which had been damaged by an Indian bullet—gave out through the fatigue of a march. At other times, he carried the wooden leg, as I first saw it, suspended from his belt!

His presence in the Indian encampment was easily accounted for. He was in alliance with their chief, for the Utahs were at that time *en paix* with the settlements of the Taos Valley; and the Spanish trappers and traders went freely among them.

Peg-leg had been on a trapping expedition to the Parks; and by accident, or otherwise, had become the guest of Wa-ka-ra.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

PEG-LEG.

'The white huntress has returned soon?' said the chief, as the girl glided up to him. 'She brings strange game!' added he with a smile. 'Who is the young warrior with the white circle upon his breast? He is a pale-face? It is not the custom of our white brothers to adorn themselves in such fashion?'

'The painting is not his,' replied the girl. 'It has been done by the hands of his enemies—by red men. The white circle was designed for a mark, at which many bullets have been fired. The red streaks you see are blood, that has streamed from wounds inflicted on the stranger's body. When Wa-ka-ra shall know who caused that blood to flow, he will hasten to avenge it.'

'If it be the wish of the white huntress, Wa-ka-ra will avenge the blood—even though his own people may have spilled it. Speak, Ma-ra-nee! You say that red men have done this—were they Utahs?'

'No—but the enemies of the Utahs.'

'The Utahs have many enemies—on the north, south, east, and west they have foes—whence comes the white stranger? and who has been spilling his blood?'

'From the east—from the *Arapahoes*.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the chief with a start, his countenance suddenly becoming clouded with an angry expression. 'Arapahoes? Where has the pale-face encountered the Arapahoes?'

'On the Huerfano.'

'Good—the white huntress brings news that will gladden the hearts of the Utah warriors! Arapahoes on the Huerfano! who saw them there?'

The huntress replied by pointing to me.

'He has been their captive,' she added, 'and has just escaped from them. He can guide Wa-ka-ra to their camp, where the Utah chief will find his deadliest enemy—Red-Hand.'

At the mention of this name, the cloud that was gathering upon the brow of the Utah chief became darker by several shades, and the mild expression was no longer observable. In its place was a look of fierce resolve, blended with glances that spoke a savage joy. Some old and terrible resentment was rekindled by the name, with a hope no doubt of its being gratified.

The chief now commenced a series of interrogatories. He spoke English—thanks to his trapper associations. It was in this language he had been conversing with

the huntress. His inquiries were directed to such particulars, as might put him in possession of the necessary knowledge for an attack upon the Arapahoes; and, as rapidly as possible, I made known their position and numbers—with other circumstances calculated to aid in the design.

The account seemed to satisfy him; and as soon as it was given, he declared his intention to proceed to the valley of the Huerfano. To me it was joyful news: my comrades might yet be rescued from their cruel fate!

‘Ma-ra-nee!’ said he, addressing himself to the huntress, ‘take the stranger to your tent! Give him food. And you, *Cojo!*’ he continued, turning to the little Mexican, ‘you are skilled in medicine—look to his wounds! He can repose, while we are preparing. Ho! sound the signal of assembly! Summon our braves to the war-dance!’

The last words were addressed to an Indian who stood in the rear of the tent. Quickly succeeding them, the notes of a bugle burst upon the air—strange sounds in an Indian camp! But the white man’s music was not the only sign of civilised life to be observed among the tents of the Utahs. The guns and pistols—the spurs, lances, and saddles—the shakos and helmets—all spoke of spoiled *presidios* on the Mexican frontier—while fair-skinned *dongellas* of Spanish race were seen mingling with the copper-coloured squaws—aiding them in their domestic duties—captives apparently contented with their captivity!

None of this was new to me. I had witnessed similar scenes in the land of the Comanche. They are of daily occurrence along the whole frontier of Spanish America—where the red man constantly encroaches—reclaiming the country of his ancestors, wrested from him three centuries ago by the cupidity of the *Conquistadores*. Upon his side now lies the strength—if not in numbers—at least in courage and war-prowess. The horse he once dreaded is now his dearest friend; and he can manage him with a skill scarcely equalled by his pale-faced adversary. The lance and fire-weapon are in his hands; the spirit-thunder no longer appals him: he knows its origin and nature; and uses it well in the accomplishment of a terrible retaliation. On the northern continent, Utah and Yaqui, Kioway and Comanche, Apache and Navajo, have all proved their superiority over the degenerated descendants of Cortez; as in the south have Chuncho and Cashibo, Goajiro and Auracanian, over those of the ruthless Pizarro.

The red man no longer goes to war as a mere savage. He has disciplined his strength into a perfect strategy; and possesses a military system as complete as that of most civilised nations. The Comanche cavalry charges in line; and can perform evolutions to the call of the bugle!

So can the Utah, as I had evidence at that moment. Before the trumpet-notes had ceased to reverberate from the rocks, five hundred warriors had secured their horses, and stood armed and ready to mount. A regiment of regular dragoons could not have responded to ‘Boots and saddles’ with greater expedition!

Peg-leg took possession of me.

‘Señor Pintado!’ said he, speaking in Spanish, and after having examined my wounds, ‘the best medicine for you will be your breakfast; and while your *compaísono* is preparing it, you can come with me, and have a little water thrown over you. This painting does not improve your looks; besides, if it get into your wounds, they will be all the more difficult to make a cure of. Come on! ’

The huntress had retired to a tent that stood near that of the chief, and a little to the rear of it. I followed the Mexican, who, in a hobbling gait, proceeded towards the stream.

The cold bath, assisted by some Taos brandy from the gourd bottle of the trapper, soon restored my

strength; and the hideous pigment, lathered with the bruised roots of the *palmita*—the soap-plant of the New Mexicans—soon disappeared from my skin. A few slices of the *oregano* cactus applied to my wounds, put them in a condition to heal with a rapidity almost miraculous—for such is the curative power of this plant. My Mexican *medico* was yet more generous, and furnished me with a handsome Navajo blanket that served as a complete covering for my shoulders.

‘*Carrambo!*’ said he, as he tendered the garment, ‘take it, *Americano!* You may be able to repay me when you have recovered your possible-sack from the Arapahoes. *Mira!*’ he added, pointing towards the tents—‘your breakfast is ready: yonder the *señorita* is calling you. Take heed, *hombre!* or her eyes may cause you a more dangerous wound than any you have had from the bullets of the Arapahoes. *Vaya!*’

I resisted my inclination to make inquiries, though the hint of the Taos trapper half furnished me with an excuse. My ‘country-woman,’ he had called her. No doubt he knew more of her history; but I questioned him not. Remembering her promise, I had hopes that I might learn it from her own lips.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS.

‘Aha, stranger!’ said she, as I approached the tent, ‘he has altered your appearance wonderfully. Oh! you are not so frightful now. Come in! Here is *pípole*, and a little broiled goat’s flesh. I am sorry I did not bring some of the wild sheep. It is most excellent; but in my haste I did not think of it. Bread I cannot give you: we never have it here.’

‘I have been accustomed to ruder fare than this,’ said I, accepting the proffered viands, and without further ceremony, seating myself to discuss them.

There was an interval of silence, during which I continued eating. Once or twice, my hostess went out, returning again to see if anything was wanted. The warlike preparations going on outside appeared greatly to interest her; and I thought she regarded them with impatience, or as if anxious about the event.

Who or what was the object of this solicitude? *Wa-ka-ra?*

In what relationship stood she to the chief? A captive she could scarcely be: else would she not have been permitted to stray so far from the encampment? His wife? The separate tent, as also the style used by the Utah in addressing her, negatived the idea. What, then? I longed to hear the history of the wild huntress, but the opportunity had not yet arrived.

‘Ah!’ said she, returning once more within the tent, ‘I fear they will be too late. The red post is only just now erected; and the war-dance may last for an hour. It is a useless ceremony—only a superstition. The chief himself does not believe in it, but his braves will not go to battle without performing it. Hark! they are commencing the chant! ’

I caught the low monotone of many voices, gradually rising and swelling into a prolonged chorus. At intervals, one was heard speaking in solo: as if proclaiming some distinguished deed, to incite the warriors to emulation. Then followed a clangour of yells, and loud whoops, breathing menace and revenge.

‘It is the war-song that accompanies their dance,’ added she. ‘You may rest till it is finished. Then you must be ready: they will ride off as soon as the ceremony is over.’

She flung herself on one of the buffalo-robés that covered the floor of the tent; and half seated, half reclining, appeared to reflect. The attitude displayed a womanly form of magnificent outlines; and with a face dazzlingly beautiful, this singular woman presented a picture something more than attractive.

'Wa-ka-ra must love her!' thought I.

As I made this reflection, I again observed the melancholy shade upon her countenance; and once more the resemblance to her of whom I was thinking!

My interest in the beautiful huntress was every moment augmenting. I felt an indescribable yearning to hear the story of her misfortunes—for in no other light could I regard the situation in which I had found her.

'You have promised to tell me of yourself,' said I, reminding her of what she had said.

'I shall keep my promise upon the condition, of which I have forewarned you.'

'Name it then—if not impossible, I am ready to accept it.'

'It is not impossible—though it may tax your generosity more than you expect. You have said that you intend returning to the States. Will you take me with you?'

A start must have betrayed my astonishment at the unexpected request.

'Willingly,' I replied; 'but now—I fear—it is impossible.'

'Your journey is not ended? Is that what you mean?'

'Alas! I know not when or where it may end.'

'That is strange! but you intend to go back sometime! Till then, let me be your travelling companion?'

The proposal left me for the moment without a word to say.

'Oh, do not refuse me!' continued she, in an appealing tone; 'I will wait upon you; I will hunt for you—anything, but longer I cannot stay here. With all their kindness—and they have been kind, in their own rude fashion—I cannot remain. I long for the society of civilised beings. O stranger, I cannot tell you how long to see one!—She hesitated.

'Whom?' I asked in hopes of hearing a name.

'A sister—a sweet gentle sister, who loved me as her own life—whom I loved more than my life. Oh, not till we were parted knew I the strength of that love.'

'How long since you have seen her?'

'Six months ago, I left her—deceived by a villain, I left her—six years it has seemed! Oh! I cannot endure this savage life. They honour me—they give me all the hospitality in their power—but I am not happy. Stranger, say you will relieve me from this terrible existence? Say you will take me with you!'

'I freely promise it, if it be your desire. But what of these? Will they—will he consent?'

'Who?'

'Wa-ka-ra.'

'Yes—yes! He has said I may go whenever an opportunity should offer. Brave chief! he has nobly kept his word to him who is now no more.'

'To whom?'

'To him who saved my life—to him who saved me—Ah! see, the chief approaches! the war-song is ended. At another time, I shall tell you all; but not now. We must haste, or the warriors will be gone.'

'Surely you do not intend to accompany us?'

'The women follow at a distance, to take care of the wounded. I go with them.'

The voice of Wa-ka-ra calling to me to join him and his warriors put an end to a dialogue that had done but little to illustrate the story of the strange personage by my side.

If possible, I was more mystified than ever; but it was not a time to be tempted by the lure of an idle curiosity, however interesting the theme. The perilous situation of my old comrades came once more vividly before my mind, recalling me to my duty; and, hurrying from the presence of that beautiful being—that I hoped soon to behold again—I leaped upon the back of my horse, and joined the Utah

warriors, as they swept in full gallop from out the lines of their encampment.

CHAPTER LXXV. EFFECTING THE SURROUND.

The ride was rough and rapid. Notwithstanding the superiority of my steed, it was as much as I could do to keep pace with my new allies, whose horses, used to all sorts of ground, went gliding along the uneven paths, as if they had been graded roads. Through tangled bushes they scrambled without stay, over sharp and slippery rocks, their unshod hoofs rendering them sure-footed as mountain sheep.

Down the gorge lay our route; and paths, over which I had almost feared to walk my horse, were now passed in a quick continuous gallop.

We soon reached the scene of my encounter with the huntress. The dog still kept sentry over the game. Couchant by the body of the bighorn, he only growled as the cavalcade swept past. No one stopped to relieve him of his charge. On a war-expedition the chase is universally neglected. Even its spoils are spurned. Hunger is supposed to beget prowess, as it sharpens the wits; and the savage lights best upon an empty stomach.

The hurried movements of the Indians—the eagerness each one exhibited to press forward—proved how earnest they were on this expedition. It was not my affair that was stimulating them to such speed. A tribal hostility of long standing—older than the warriors themselves—existed between Utah and Arapaho. Between the bands of Wa-ka-ra and Red-Hand the hostile inheritance had increased until it had reached the maximum of the most deadly *vendetta*.

This will account for the hot haste with which we hurried on—for the universal excitement that prevailed in the ranks of my Utah allies. They knew that they outnumbered their enemies. They already exulted in the anticipation of a grand *coup*.

For all that, they were not rushing recklessly into battle. The Utah chieftain was too skilled a soldier. I perceived that he was acting upon a preconceived plan; and his strategy was now made known to me.

It was that of the 'surround.' The band was to break up into four divisions of nearly equal numerical strength. The first, under Wa-ka-ra himself, was to go round by the bluffs; and, having worked its way into the lower cañon, would enter the plain from that direction. Should the Arapahoes attempt to retreat towards the Arkansas, this party would intercept them.

A second division—also keeping above the bluffs—would make to a point nearly opposite the butte; where, by a ravine known to the Indians, a descent could be made into the valley of the Huerfano.

A third was to seek its station upon the opposite side—where a similar defile led down to the plain; while the remaining warriors were to move forward by the upper cañon, and halt at its mouth, until the other three parties were known to have reached their respective places.

At a signal agreed upon, all four divisions were to move forward at a rapid gallop, and close in upon the enemy. The first party were to give the cue, as it had furthest to go; and, by the time it could reach its destination, the others would be ready. A smoke was to be the signal for charging forward.

The plan was well conceived; and if it should prove that the Arapahoes were still by the butte, a fight a *fourranch* might be looked for as the certain result. They would have no alternative but fight.

The execution of the movement was soon entered upon. Near the place where I had passed the last hours of the night, a side ravine—which, in the darkness I had not observed—sloped up out of the gorge. By cañons and deep defiles the whole face of the country was cut up in this *bipinnate* fashion—every

pass of it being well known to the Utahs. Hence their confidence in being able to effect the surround of the Arapahoes—less familiar with this region; and who must have been tempted thither by the passage of the train.

Up the lateral ravine went Wa-ka-ra with his dusky warriors; while the second division, intended to take station on the bluff, defiled by the same track, but more slowly.

The others kept on down the gorge.

On reaching the main cañon, the party destined for the opposite bluff separated from the other; and proceeded circuitously by a branch ravine that opened above.

The fourth and last division rode direct down the bank of the river, upon the path by which I had been pursued. This division was in charge of the second chief; and to it was I myself assigned, with Peg-leg, who was also a volunteer, as my immediate companion. The trapper had himself some old scores to settle with the Arapahoes; and appeared as eager for the fight as any Utah in the tribe.

Apprehensive of falling in with some straggling pursuers of the preceding night, we moved forward with caution. The sub-chief was an old warrior, whose scars and grizzled hair betokened experience of many a hostile encounter, and no doubt many a cunning stratagem. Scouts were sent in advance; and these, returning from time to time, signalled that the path was clear.

Advancing in this fashion, we at length reached the embouchure of the cañon, and halted within its gloomy shadow.

As yet not an Arapaho had been seen; but, on climbing to a ledge of rocks, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the enemy was still by the butte. I saw not them, but their horses—the *cavallada* being almost in the position in which I had left it!

From this it was evident that they had returned from the pursuit—had abandoned it altogether, and given their steeds to the grass. A few only of the men were in sight—moving about among the fires, that still burned upon the plain; but the strength of the *cavallada* told that the others were there—no doubt, concealed from view by the interposed mass of the mound.

I saw the wagon by its base—the white tilt conspicuous against the dark-green foliage of the cedars—but my eyes dwelt not upon this. In rapid glance, they were carried to the summit.

The crucifix was still there. I could trace its timbers—its upright and horizontal beams—though not distinctly.

I knew what was rendering their outlines indistinct. There was a body upon the cross—the body of a man. It was that which interrupted the regularity of the lines.

The timbers were between me and the body—for I viewed it from behind—and at such a distance, I could not have told who was the crucified man, even had he been facing me. Wingrove or Sure-shot—one or the other? Of that much I was certain.

I could make out that the man was naked, just as I had been myself: I saw the white skin glistening along each side of the upright post.

While gazing upon it, I heard the report of a musket. Nearly at the same instant, a little white cloud was seen ascending into the air. It rose from behind the butte; and was easily recognisable as smoke produced by the discharge of a gun. The savages had returned to their cruel sport. Too clearly did I comprehend the signs of that fiendish exhibition.

After regarding the crucifix for awhile, I noted a circumstance that enabled me to decide which of my comrades was undergoing the terrible ordeal. To a certainty, Sure-shot was the sufferer.

The Red-Hand had fulfilled his threat; and my brave preserver was now promoted to my place.

The circumstance that guided me to this knowledge

was sufficiently definite. I could tell it was Sure-shot by his height. I remembered that my own crown scarcely reached the top of the upright post. That of him now enduring the torture rose above it, by the head. Under the bright sunbeam, there was a sheen of yellow hair. That of Wingrove would have appeared black. Beyond doubt, Sure-shot was the martyr now mounted upon that dread cross!

I viewed the spectacle with feelings not to be envied. My soul chafed at the restraint, as it burned with bitter indignation against these demons in human form. I should have rushed forward to stay the sacrifice, or, if too late, to satisfy the vengeance it called forth; but I was restrained by the impotency of the act. The prudent chief who commanded the Indians would not move, till the smoke-signal should be seen; and videttes had climbed far up on the cliff, to watch for and announce it.

It was not anticipated that we should have long to wait. Our party had moved slowly forward; and the time consumed in our advance was considerable—almost enough to have enabled the others to get to their respective stations.

This thought—along with my experience of the ball-practice of the Arapahoes—in some measure reconciled me to the delay. If he upon the cross was still living, his chances of escape were scarcely problematical. Another shot or two from such marksmen would be neither here nor there.

If the man were already dead, then was the delay of less consequence: we should still be in time to avenge him.

But he was *not* dead. The proof that he was living was before my eyes; though, in the confusion of the moment, I had not sooner perceived it. Above the top of the post appeared the head held stiffly upright. This proved that the body still lived. Had it been otherwise, the head would have been drooping.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE HISTORY OF THE HUNTRESS.

I had just made this observation as the Mexican clambered up the rock, and took stand by my side.

'Hijo de Dios!' exclaimed he, as his eyes fell upon the cross, *'la crucifixion!'* What a conception for savages! See! he continued, as another white cloud puffed out from behind the sloping side of the mound, and the report came thundering up the valley, *'Santissima!'* they are firing at the unfortunate!

'Yes,' said I; 'they are playing with one of my comrades, as they did yesterday with myself.'

'Ah, mio amigo!' that is an old game of the Arapahoes. They used to practise it with their arrows, and for mere sport. Now that they have taken to guns, I suppose they combine instruction with amusement, as the books say. *Carrambo!* what cruel brutes they are! They have no more humanity than grizzly bears. God help the poor wretch that falls into their clutches! Their captive women they treat with a barbarity unknown among other tribes. Even beauty that would soften a savage of any other sort, is not regarded by these brutal Arapahoes. Only think of it! They were about to treat in this very fashion the beautiful *Americana*—the only difference being that they had strapped her to a tree instead of a crucifix. *Carrambo!*

'The beautiful *Americana*?'

'Yes—she who brought you to the camp.'

'What! She in the hands of the Arapahoes?'

'Sí duda: it was from them she was taken.'

'When, and where? How, and by whom?'

'Hola! hombre—four questions in one! Muy bien! I can answer them, if you give me time. To the first, I should say about six months ago; to the second, near the Big Timbers, on the Arkansas. My reply

to the third will take more words; and before giving it, I shall answer the fourth by saying that the girl was taken from the Rapahoes by Don José.

'Don José—who is Don José?'

'Oh! perhaps you would know him by his American name? Oaquer?'

'Walker, the celebrated trapper? Joe Walker?'

'The same, *amigo*. Onquara, the Utah pronounces it: as you perceive, their young chief is named so, and after him. The trapper and he were sworn friends—brothers—or more like father and son: since Don José was much the older.'

'Were friends. Are they not so still?'

'*Valga me dios!* No. That is no longer possible. Don José has gone under—was rubbed out more than three months ago, and by these very Rapahoes! That is why your fair *compañana* is now with the Utah. The old trapper left her to his namesake, Oaqua; under whose protection she has been ever since.'

'He has been true to his trust? He has protected her?'

Under the influence of singular emotions, did these questions escape me.

'*Seguramente, amigo!*' replied the Mexican, with an ingenuousness calculated to allay my unpleasant fancies, 'the Utah chief is a noble fellow—*un hombre de bien*—besides, he would have done anything for his old friend, whose death greatly grieved him. That is just why you see him here in such haste. It was not to avenge your wrongs that they danced their war-measure—but the death of Don José. All the same to you: since your *compañeros* are likely to have the advantage of it.'

'As for the Americana,' continued he, before I had time to make rejoinder, '*Virgen santissima!* such a maiden was never seen in these parts. Such a shot! Not a marksman in the mountains could match with her, except Don José himself, who taught her; and as for hunting—*la linda cazadora!* she can steal upon the game like a cougar. Ah! she can protect herself. She has done so. But for her spirit and rifle, the Red-Hand would have ruined her.'

'But how? you have not told me?—'

'True, cavallero! I have yet to answer number three. Bueno! As I said, it was near the Big Timbers, where she got into the hands of the Arapahoes. There was only a small band of the robbers, with Red-Hand at their head. He wanted to play the brute with her. She kept him off with her rifle, and a big dog you have seen. Red-Hand became angry, and had her strapped to a tree—where the monsters threatened to shoot their arrows into her body. Whether they intended to kill her, or only to terrify the poor girl, is not known; but if the former was their design, they were hindered from putting it into execution. Just at that moment, Don José came upon the ground with a party of trappers from the rendezvous on Cuerno Verde. They were strong enough to beat off the red-skinned ravishers, and save the Americana. That is how she was taken from the Rapahoes.'

'A brave deed! But how did she chance to be there? Since Bent's Fort was abandoned, there is no white settlement near the Big Timbers.'

'Ah! señor! that is the strangest part of the whole story. It was told me by Don José himself, while we were *compañeros* on a trapping expedition, just after he had saved the girl. *Carrasco!*—a strange tale!'

'Have you any objection to tell it to me? I feel a singular interest in this young girl.'

'*Sin duda!* Of many a mountain-man, the same might be said, and many an Indian too. Hum! cavallero! you would not be flesh and blood, if you didn't.'

'Not that, I assure you. My interest in her springs from a different source. I have other reasons for inquiring into her history.'

'You shall have it then, cavallero—at least so much as I know of it myself: for it is reasonable to suppose that Don José did not tell me all he knew. This much: the *niña* was with a caravan that had come from one of your western states. It was a caravan of Mormons. You have heard of the Mormons, I suppose—those *heréticos* who have made settlements here beyond?'

'I have.'

'Well—one of these Mormons was the husband of the girl, or rather *ought* to have been—since they were married just at starting. It appears that the young woman was against the marriage—for she loved some one more to her choice—but her father had forced her to it; and some quarrel happening just at the time with the favourite lover, she had consented—from pique, *sin duda*—to accept the Mormon.'

'She did accept him?'

'Yes—but now comes the strange part of the story. All I have told you is but a common tale, and the like occurs every day in the year.'

'Go on!'

'When she married the Mormon, she did not know he was a Mormon; and it appears that these *heréticos* have a name among your people worse than the very *Judios*. It was only after the caravan had got out into the plains, that the girl made this discovery. Another circumstance equally unpleasant soon came to her knowledge; and that was: that the man who pretended to be her husband was after all no husband—that he did not act to her as a husband should do—in short, that the marriage had been a sham—the ceremony having been performed by some Mormon brother, in the disguise of a *padre*!'

'Was the girl's father aware of this deception?'

'Don José could not tell. He may have known that the man was a Mormon: but Don José was of opinion that the father himself was betrayed by the false marriage—though he was present at it, and actually bestowed the bride!'

'Strange!'

'Perhaps, cavallero! the strangest is yet to come. For what purpose, do you suppose, was this deception practised upon the poor girl?'

'I cannot guess—go on!'

'*Carras!* it was a hellish purpose; but you shall hear it. These Mormons have at their head a great chief priest—*una profeta*, as they call him. He is a polygamist—a perfect Turco, and keeps a harem of beautiful *niñas*, who pass under the name of "spiritual wives." It was only after the young Americana had got far out upon the plains—indeed, to the Big Timbers, where she escaped from him—that she found out the terrible fate for which her false husband had designed her. She learned it from the other women who accompanied the caravan; and who, base wretches that they were, rather envied her the honour by which she was to be distinguished! *Por Dios!* a terrible fate for a young creature pure and virtuous like her!'

'Her fate! Quick—tell me! for what had the villain destined her?'

'*Virgen Santa!* for the harem of the Mormon prophet!'

'*Mira!*' exclaimed the Mexican, almost in the same breath—'*Mira!* the signal-smoke of Wa-ka-ra! To horse! to horse! *mueran los Arapahoss!*'

It was not the signal that called from my lips a convulsive exclamation—it was wrung from my agony, ere the smoke had been descried. It was drawn amid the shouts of the savage warriors, as they crowded forward through the chasm.

Leaping down from the ledge, and flinging myself on the back of my horse, I mingled in the mêlée.

As we swept forth from the gorge, I cast a glance behind. Female voices had caused me to look back. The Utah women, mounted on mules and horses,

were coming down the cañon, with the white huntress at their head!

I wished a word with *her*; but it was too late. I dared not go back. My Utah allies would have branded me as a coward—a traitor to my own cause.

I did not hesitate a moment; but, joining in the 'Ugh-aloo,' I dashed into the midst of the dusky host, and galloped onward to the charge.

WORSE THAN WE SEEIM.

BESIDES the obvious disadvantage attaching to every one who is the subject of a criminal trial in this our country—namely, the risk of arriving at the jail or the gallows at the end of it—there is a great inconvenience too apt to escape the notice of the unreflective, but which it behoves all to consider who contemplate the commission of any serious offence, and especially of a capital crime: we allude to the incidental exposures, which are certain to take place during the investigation, of the domestic affairs of the criminal, and all who belong to him; to that sudden withdrawal, by the rude hand of cross-examination, of that curtain which hangs decently between the family affairs of every man and the public, and which few of us—what are called 'the best families' being by no means excepted—can afford to have rent asunder without warning. It is almost enough to make a man of modest disposition shun all acquaintances, female as well as male, for fear that some one of them should one day commit an indiscretion placing her or him in the prisoner's dock, and cause himself to appear for the defence, or worse, involuntarily and by subpoena, for the prosecution, in the witness-box; or even if he should not be compelled to take a part so prominent, lest his own habits, his own weaknesses, his own indiscretions, should be evoked through his connection with the accused, and the commonplace-book of his private life spread open for the contemplation of the vulgar. Those disciples of the law—Keyhole, Q.C., Sergeant Cranny, and the rest of them—take a malignant pleasure in setting wide that cupboard in their fellow-creatures' homes wherein the skeleton is said to stand, and in pointing out each grisly and misshapen limb; while the public, to judge by its 'laughter,' and 'roars of laughter,' and 'sensation,' with which it receives the comments of these legal anatomists, find no less delight in the exhibition.

What a happy comfortable home did A.'s always seem to us, until his wife ran away with the serious footman, and the windows of it were all set open by the inquisitors of the Divorce Court! We know now from whom she learned to consider the opera as immoral, and why A.'s box there was so seldom graced by her ascetic presence.

How virtuous, to all appearance, was B.'s household, until the burglars broke into it that night, and discovered it to be quite an Agapemone! They might have taken the electrotype spoons and forks, and welcome; but to exhibit poor B. himself, that much-respected and prim churchwarden, as only a plated article, with scarcely any genuine metal in his composition at all—that was a cruel turn indeed.

The least evil connected with young C.'s forgery was his own transportation beyond seas. The family would have been visited and condoled with by half the county, as far as *he* was concerned; but then the things which 'transpired' about the surly brutality of Mr C. with his horsewhip, and the preternatural craving of Mrs C. for Eau-de-Cologne. Well, we will not repeat such things, but we cannot now be ignorant how *she* got that very red nose! You may ask in vain what had the young man's crime to do with his father's brutality or his mother's love of drink; the judge was the proper person to have stopped the cross-examination, if it was not pertinent; but perhaps he enjoyed

it as much as the public, and not the less that there was brandy waiting for him in the robing-room at that moment, under the modest guise of pale sherry. The facts, at all events, were what is delicately termed 'elicited'—that is, proclaimed more effectually than by means of public crier in every town and village of the kingdom—and the Cs are cut as they deserve to be.

Only, if it should come to *our* turn! Ours—with such a very large acquaintance as we have, and even a more than convenient list of relatives! For anything we can tell, we are on intimate terms with some of those magnificent hypocrites who are living so gorgeously on funds placed for security in their hands, and regarding whom we may one day have to tell all we know as a witness. But worse than this, there is really no knowing what is wrong in one's own household until some member of it appears before a court of justice, when we are furnished with the fullest information and all the particulars, in common with the rest of our fellow-countrymen. Without adopting too exactly the conclusion of a great living satirist, who cannot observe a bouquet presented without a suspicion that there is a wicked love-letter inside it, the disclosures of our law-courts are certainly significant and alarming. We should not be prone to blame the novelist for his too startling 'situations,' his too 'thrilling' incidents, when such scenes are exhibited in the drama of real life wherever the curtain is pulled up by the law, without the prompter's bell.

In the three mysterious murders that have of late occurred in Great Britain almost coincidentally, and all which (up to the date of our writing this paper) still remain undiscovered, not the least striking part of them is the state of society which they incidentally disclose. This is the more discouraging, since the crimes themselves have taken place in three different classes, so that we cannot comfort ourselves with the notion that the evils thus brought to light are exceptional and peculiar only to a certain low rank in life. The evils, indeed, are various in each case, but they are all grave.

In one, we read of a young girl—indeed, a mere child—exhibiting a depravity which, for one of her years, is appalling; of her running away from what there is no evidence to prove is an unhappy home, to seek the company of soldiers; of her being seen by numerous persons in such company—not with one soldier, be it observed, but with several—in a place of much resort; of her being beaten with a cane by one at least of these companions, in order to get himself quit of her, and—whether he beat her 'in fun' or not—of her being in tears; finally, of her foul and brutal murder, somewhere about midnight, in the place she had haunted for so many hours. But for the crowning wickedness, we should probably have heard nothing of this sad story. We should have disbelieved that any child would have acted in such a manner; that any soldier would have beaten such a child so as to make her cry; that one man or woman out of every half-dozen, at least (and the poor creature must have been noticed by half a hundred), would have been Samaritan enough to inquire what one of her tender years did there, in such a place, at such a time, and in such company, or, at all events, what made the bairn greet so—for it is in the capital town of Scotland that this happens.

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity

Under the sun!

Ah, it was pitiful, near a whole city full,

Friend she had none!

The very murder itself is scarcely less calculated to excite dismay than the depravity of the child, the brutality of the soldiers, and the apathy exhibited by the passers-by that night under Holyrood Palace wall. How many such children are there whom (let

us hope) we shall never read of, how many such soldiers, how many such passers-by!

In the case of the Stepney murder, the crime itself is certainly by no means the most striking or hideous part of the affair, but rather the number of singular persons whom the subsequent inquiry has exhibited to us. What a whirlwind of dust and rubbish has been here evoked by the winnowing-machine of the law! Consider the principal character of the piece—the victim of the tragedy! An old woman with thousands of pounds a year, which she herself personally screws out of the very poor of the metropolis who inhabit her miserable courts and alleys. A hard landlord, suspicious of the goodness and justice of mankind, she is reported to despise banks and other places of security, and to hoard vast sums of money in her own dwelling, where she lives wretchedly without friend or servant—but not without suitors. One of these, it seems, is a clergyman, who proposes to her after the most singular fashion: 'Let the will of the Lord be done,' he urges with reference to these proposed nuptials; and that is all which even cross-examination can get out of him. This miserable woman is presently found murdered—having lain so for many hours, during which it appears her house was again visited by the murderer. The perpetrator of this crime is as yet unknown for certain; but one man has been accused of it by his acquaintance, and released from custody, while the informer himself has taken his place in the prisoner's dock. What an unsatisfactory set of people, playing their parts upon this little Stepney stage, have been thus revealed to us by the sudden hand of Legal Inquiry! But for the accident of the murder—which the victim may be almost said to have courted by her habits—we should have caught no glimpse of this unlovable woman scraping up her sixpences, and laying them in store as mice do beech-nuts, nor of the sententious divine who proposed to her, nor of the perfurer who sought the blood of an innocent fellow-creature. We cannot flatter ourselves that these should be the only examples of their species. It is only too probable that there are scores of similar people, although, fortunately for themselves, the law has not happened to introduce them to us.

Lastly, there is the Road murder, the mystery of which has naturally enough engrossed the public mind more than any crime since the two terrible butcheries by Williams in the Ratcliffe Highway. It is in this case (or appears so at this present writing) almost certain that some member of a respectable household—such as yours, Reader, or ours—which goes to church with regularity, has family-prayers, and whose bills are punctually settled, has murdered an unoffending child. At present, nothing, absolutely nothing, has been elicited; and the very blankness of the result of the investigations seems, if possible, to heighten the horrors of the crime we know to have been committed, as a whitened wall might make more conspicuous letters of blood, though unintelligible as those which shook Belahazzar. We do not know who the criminal is, we do not pretend to guess who it is, but when it is discovered—and we look upon that discovery as sooner or later certain—it will afford another example, it must do so let the crime lie where it will, of the incidental exposures of which we speak. It is scarcely possible that such a murder can be the act of a novice in crime.

Under what roof, then, can it be certified that no crying wickednesses are being committed daily and nightly! What *Paterfamilias* is so secure of his household that the consideration of such a case as this affects him with no terror? Instead of the assurance of the dramatist, that we are 'Not so bad as we seem,' having much comfort in it, it really appears that we are considerably worse than we seem. It has now become very difficult to procure

witnesses, even in the simplest cases, not so much on account of the trouble and expense—in the latter of which no witness ought ever to be involved at all—as of the licence permitted in cross-examination, and the terror of being 'turned inside out' by the man in the wig.

Only yesterday, one of our own female servants came in breathless with the intelligence that she had just seen a policeman 'lying by hisself in the public road, a bleeding from the mouth and ears, most dreadful!'

'And you procured assistance—you got somebody to help him at once,' said I, 'of course?'

'Not I, ma'am,' returned Betty, cunningly. 'Bless ye, I run away as fast as I could lay foot to ground, for fear they should put me in the box—meaning the witness-box. Poor Betty not relishing the notion of her autobiography being published without permission, any more than the rest of us.'

VAN SLINGELANDT'S WOOING.

PETER VAN SLINGELANDT set up his art-tent in the place of his birth, the quaint old city of Leyden, a sort of dull, dirty, Dutch Venice, minced up by incessant canals into fifty dark islets, all tied loosely together by some hundred and forty odd bridges. Peter was a calm, quiet, contented man, with no locomotive longings, no very fervid aspirations. He was not the bird that beats itself to death against the bars of its cage, in agonising efforts for liberty; he preferred to make his cage as cozy as he could, and to adapt himself to its limitations. Besides, it was a voluntary confinement; he needed not to have had the Leyden ramparts for ever bounding his horizon and framing his life. Others had wandered away to the sheeny south, and looked on with eyes of love and amazement, yet with a feeling of immense removal from the glories of Italian art; some had crossed to England, and found welcome, and patronage, and wealth; but Peter held on to his quiet studio in the old gable-topped house just turning out of the handsome high street of the city. He was not rich—a steady, industrious, enthusiastic worker, but one who loved his work, and loved to linger over it; a conscientious, scrupulous, indefatigable, microscopic man, how could he produce rapidly? True, facile slovenliness would have brought the gold more quickly in; but Peter respected his art, respected himself—he could not descend to let 'scamp-work' go out of his studio. I doubt even if it ever occurred to the dear, good, plodding, sober soul to do such a thing; he had no notion of art apart from solid, highly wrought, intensely finished pictures.

So he sat one day in his small quiet studio before a panel on the easel. Not a flaunting, flaring studio of more recent date, remember, but a Dutch painter's studio of the year 1660, or so. No garish draperies, no glittering weapons, no polished fragments of armour, no dusty torsos blocking up the corners, no casts of muscular limbs, no nose-broken antiques—a neatly furnished, nicely garnished, well-kept room, with polished floor, polished table, chairs, and even polished easel. All windows firmly closed, all doors tightly fitting; for Peter has proclaimed unremitting war with the dust; he will suffer it under no pretence; he will do all man can to exclude and suppress dust. He changes his shoes outside his studio door; he puts on another well-brushed dusky green doublet, with ivory buttons; he hangs up his cloak; he enters the room cautiously, as a cat looking for a mouse; he regards with jealous eyes the sunbeam that will somehow slant in at the upper half of the window, and angrily the little motes that will somehow dance and float about in that shaft of golden light. There is no invitation, no provocation to the dust at all. The colour-box is polished, and its lid closes with an extreme exactness; the pencil-handles

are polished, and there is a silk veil protecting the face of the panel. The 'properties' of the painting-room are not remarkable: a mirror, framed by five-and-twenty smaller mirrors, reflecting altogether six-and-twenty miniature portraits of the studio, with the broad back of Peter van Slingelandt well visible, a prominent object as he bends over his panel; a brown uncouth-looking jug, which has often sat for its picture, and to which good Peter sometimes applies his lips; glasses long in the stem, with much cutting and engraving about them; drinking-horns, flasks, cups, pipes. For the rest, there is little in the room beyond the ordinary fittings of a burgher's house of that day, and not a very rich burgher either.

Peter sits at his work, a portly, good-looking fellow, with long, blond, dry hair, and still more blond and dry eyebrows, eyelashes, moustaches, and peaked beard. His plump cheeks are closely shaven, and he has very calm, steady, light-blue eyes. To him, sitting contemplatively, enters his good friend, Max Keppen, a student of Leyden university; very like Peter, only younger and thinner—not a bit more demonstrative. He lifts up the brown jug, and regales himself with its contents. He understands the usages of Peter's studio: he moves about slowly, cautiously; he has shaken himself well outside—he brings in no dust.

Few words of salutation pass between them—they are too intimate, they understand each other too well for that. Peter removes the silk shroud from the panel; they both pore over it speechless for about half an hour.

'It grows,' says Max at last, in a low whisper.

Peter nods his head; he points with the small keen pencil in his hand. 'I have been bringing *that* out since Wednesday. Do you mark, Max, that little finger-nail? I could not sleep for thinking of it. Say, is it right, my Max? That far corner, where the tinge of purple subsides into blush-red; then the light, catching it, breaks into a fine line of warm pearl-white. Light is always warm, Max. How men cheat themselves! Many would have there struck in cold dead colour. Shame!'

'It is very good, Peter.'

'Don't stamp, my Max. In places, there is still wet paint. Think of the dust, good friend. Ah! if any should alight.' And he let fall the silk shroud.

Max looked penitent, concerned. The movement of his foot had been involuntary; he had been stirred thereto by his sober, settled enthusiasm for Peter's genius. He was the painter's chief intimate, his warmest friend and admirer—the unavoidable appendage of the studio. Every painting-room is haunted by such men—faithful, laudatory, attached, devoted, they would do anything to aid the artist; ignorant of much art themselves, they worship and marvel the more on that account, and they become the confidants of the painter; he can open his heart to the humble follower and friend who is not, who can never be, a rival.

'It has been two years about,' quoth Peter. He saw poor Max's pain and sorrow, and hastened to raise the silk curtain again. 'Two years to-day.'

'And it will be finished?' asked Max.

Peter shook his head mournfully. It seemed quite hopeless to name any date. He took up a microscope and scrutinised the picture severely.

It was the portrait of a lady, very fair in complexion, very flaxen as to ringlets—a close crowd of them falling in delicate vine-tendrils over her exquisite forehead and neck—rather full in figure, large round blue eyes, pretty red mouth and round plump chin, with just a hint of another little chin beyond, as a rainbow is dogged by a reflection. She wore a full spreading Dutch lace-collar, which, at the shoulder, met her puffed sleeves, also decked with ample lace-falls. Her black velvet dress opened in front over a petticoat of superb maize-coloured satin, upon which

the light fell, and flickered and sparkled wonderfully. Upon her round white arms were pearl bracelets, and in one hand she held a fan of peacock feathers. A bright-eyed lapdog, curled up compactly, sat on a green velvet cushion at her feet, with a red ribbon round his neck, and every hair of his coat accurately accounted for in the picture. Russet hangings formed the background, relieved on the right hand by a crimson curtain falling over a half-open door, through which in a dusky twilight other figures were dimly seen, though traceable much more distinctly the more you examined the work.

'It grows,' Max said again. It was the only form of consolation for Peter that he could think of. 'It grows—rapidly.'

It was bold to say that.

One who had seen the work a year back, would have thought it then, perhaps, as far advanced as it seemed now. Its growth could hardly be called rapid, anyhow. But rapid painting was hardly known in Holland. Men worked steadily, but very slowly. They studied intensely; meditating upon each touch as a poet might over a verse, pausing on it, weighing it, counting it. Goedaert of Middleburg spent thirty years studying the economy of the insects he painted. Wilhelm Kalf sat for whole days before an orange, a melon, and an agate-handled knife, contemplating their wondrous assemblage and variety of colour, before he even commenced to paint them. Gerard Dow spent five days in close painting of a hand, and three in representing a broom-handle. Jean Vander Heyden worked with such delicate minuteness, that in one picture an open Bible is seen, no larger than a man's palm, in which every line is legible through a magnifying-glass. In another performance, Peter himself had occupied a whole month on the frill and ruffles of a gentleman whose portrait he was painting. They were marvellously microscopic, these Dutch painters. No wonder that many of them had so teased and worried their eyes, that they were reduced to wearing spectacles at thirty.

Peter was not consoled: he would not accept Max's flattery; he shook his head mournfully, and sighed. Max looked rather crest-fallen; but he plucked up heart, and tried again.

'She is very beautiful, my Peter.' But Peter only sighed the more. Max was at his wits' end. He was nearly stamping on the floor again, but he contrived to stop himself in time.

'You love, then, still, my Peter?' he asked in a low, awful tone.

'With all my soul!' answered Peter simply; and he seemed relieved, and plied the microscope again.

They knew every line, every tint, every touch of that picture. Even Max's uneducated eye could follow it all, and know it all. They had watched and seen it advance under their gaze, as a mother sees her child's growth; as the poor girl in the garret pokes over the tiny geranium under the cracked tumbler in the one flower-pot, and sees its dim green leaves one by one unfold. They could quite appreciate the never-tiring labour bestowed upon the picture. Peter took up the brown jug, refreshed himself, and passed it on to Max.

'And she?' Max held up the jug; he could not drink until he had heard the answer.

'I know not, my Max.' Max sorrowfully drained the jug.

'Sometimes, I think—I almost think; but it is my vanity, my Max; it is that, doubtless.' Max denied it stoutly by violent shaking of his head.

'She dropped her kerchief yesterday, and let me restore it to her.' Peter went on, blushing. 'And, O Max, how bright came the light into her eyes! Kindly too, Max; and she smiled. Ah! her smile is heaven, Max. Is the jug empty? Never mind.'

'She loves, brother—it is that,' whispered Max artfully.

'I know not, my Max. Ah! it must end. And she gave me her hand, Max; her dear, soft, scented hand—white satin, with a pink lining—I took it in mine, Max; I raised it, but—bah!—I dared not kiss it.'

Max abstractedly proffered the empty jug. Peter tried to drink from it, found it empty, and simply put it on one side.

'Oh, if I might only hope; but, my Max, it is folly—it is madness: a poor artist wed the rich burgomaster's widow! Why, all Leyden would cry out! They would hoot me in the streets. It is a dream, my brother, a dream. The picture must end—I could paint on it for ever and ever. Is that the blue of her eye? Is that the carnation that floats on her cheek, now above, now below the surface? Is that the crimson of her dear moist lip, my Max? Bah! no. But, two years—two years; the end must come. She grows impatient; she will go, my Max—the picture will go, my Max; and then—then—what will become of me? Say.'

And he rose from his chair, and fell sobbing upon the neck of Max. That worthy follower was cut to the heart.

'It is not so, my Peter. Look up,' he said; 'she loves you; I say so—I, Max; believe me. You will be happy, my Peter; you shall be happy. Hush! she is coming now; I hear her on the stairs. Hush! take courage. Tell her you love her, with all your soul, my Peter; tell her as you would tell me—think it is I to whom you speak. I go.'

'This way—the back-staircase. Gently, my Max—think of the dust. Do not bang the door. Farewell, my Max. Ah! she is here.'

Then entered the room the lady, tall, large, calm. Peter had been successful—the portrait was very like. She came in slowly and stately, and soon occupied her well-known seat and accustomed position. Peter, bowing and blushing, went on with his work. Hardly a word was spoken. The portrait had been in hand for two years, and all ordinary topics of conversation between painter and sitter had been long ago exhausted. On the other hand, habit had completely mastered all the irksomeness of the business. The lady seemed hardly less tired of sitting than Peter of painting. She knew to a nicety when she was correctly posed—detected, to half an inch, when her fingers strayed from their position in the picture—perceived directly when any of the amber tendril ringlets became stragglers from the main body; and then the large blue eyes, how well aware they were of the exact knot in the oak wainscot upon which, two years ago, they had been first directed to fix themselves. True, they wandered now and then—took circling flights like birds, alighting at one time upon the blond head of Peter—now upon the mirror with the twenty-five satellite mirrors—now upon Peter's pipe—now upon the leather-covered knob of Peter's mahl-stick—now upon the tiny little sable pencils with which Peter seemed to be working on the panel as though with needles upon copper—and now, with a twinkling smile dancing about the corners of the rosy lips, upon Peter's empty brown jug in the corner; but they always turned back again, and settled finally on the knob in the wainscot, as though that were their proper nest and home, and all other alighting-places mere temporary caravanseras, useful enough, but not to be mistaken for a moment for permanent residences.

At last the lady had refreshed her eyes by two or three of these visual voyages, and found that there was nothing more to be done—no more entertainment to be derived in that way—and ever so little a sigh started up and escaped from her heart, through the half-open casement of her lips. Peter was not slow to hear it; he blushed—his hand trembled a little; he was nearly making a mistake, going just the thousandth part of an inch or so out of his course.

'I tire you, madam.'

'No,' said the lady, and her eyes settled on his moustache; she had a sweet low languid sort of voice. 'But will it soon be done?'

It seemed as though some words were about to issue from under the moustache, but Peter checked himself, bowed his head, and gave a touch or two to the delicate gray, half-tints on the lady's forehead. Then came another little sigh. Peter stopped as though he had been wounded; quite a change came over him. Ah, he loved the fair widow! In his microscopic, Dutch-painter way he had gone on loving her for two years; it had begun in a miniature sort of fashion, had gone niggling on, but it was now a complete and finished business. You might look at it in all lights, examine it how you would, pore into it with a magnifying-glass, you could find no flaw in it: it was very whole, web and woof, a highly wrought, exquisite, delicate, perfect piece of passion. Peter was wounded by the sighs. He rose up.

'I tire you, madam,' he said again, so boldly that the widow seemed alarmed. She deprecated his anger; would have given the world to have had the sighs back again safe and sound, tight prisoners in her bosom.

'I will paint no more then. Let us say that the portrait is finished. It has been two years about, and it would take two years more; ay, and more than that— The lady shrank back a little at this. Peter went on in a low voice, glancing alternately at the lady and the picture.

'No, it would take a life, and then it would not be completed.'

The lady quite clasped her hands in her distress at this. A whole life sitting for one's portrait! Was Peter mad? He understood her astonishment, and gave his explanation slowly and rather confusedly, and with his cheeks decidedly red.

'There are some graces that cannot be portrayed, some traits that cannot be imitated, some charms it is wholly impossible to render. I might try all my life; I might spend all my days before that panel, and still the portrait could never be completed to my thinking. Madam, it could never be you; it could never be more than the feeblest shadow of you.'

The lady was decidedly pleased, yet amazed, perhaps frightened; you see the late burgomaster had not made love to her.

'Then I may send for the picture?' she said at last softly.

Poor Peter bowed his head, sadly affirmative.

'And the price?' It was cruel of the widow; but she did it simply without malice—at least, I think so—or it might be intentionally—to be firm, and end the thing, as people strike hard blows to get the sooner to the termination of a fight.

There were quite tears in Peter's eyes.

'No money can repay me, madam'— But the poor fellow stopped short; there was something in his throat that would not let the words pass out.

'For your labour—I know it has been great, incessant, but'—

'Not that,' and Peter's pride conquered his sobs. 'Nothing can compensate me for the loss of the picture; it has been my whole sole thought and occupation for two years; it has been the ceaseless joy and light of my studio. That gone, and this room is a dark dungeon; my life as a blind man's who can never hope to see the sun again. I love it, I love it! Pray, don't take it from me; it is priceless, priceless!' and he sank on his knees before the panel. It was a delicate way of making love to the widow; a little complicated perhaps, but still very effective. She could not possibly be offended by it, and it might touch her very nearly—and it did. It was really a very artful plan of that simple Peter's.

The widow came quite close to him, and she was trembling and fluttering a good deal, and quite a

tempest of emotion was surging in her white neck. She bent over Peter, hiding his face now in his hands, till her gold ringlets mingled with Peter's blond locks. 'Will nothing repay you?' and her soft, warm breath stirred the dry, blond locks as a breeze a corn-field.

'Nothing — nothing — nothing!' moaned Peter piteously.

'Not even this?'

And her little plump hand—white satin lined with pink, as Peter had described it to Max—stole down and crept into his. To give money? A ring, perhaps? No; it was empty! Dull Peter!—he was a humble, plodding, miniature-minded man—did not quite understand even yet. How pretty the widow looked, blushing and confused!

'Will you take the original as payment for the copy?' What a silvery, bird's whisper was that explanation!

Peter comprehended then. How he kissed the little plump hand; you would have thought the creature was going to eat it! What a delightful little laugh the widow gave as she stooped down her head! Really, Peter was, after all, a dull fellow; but he did make it out at last, and gave her lips a kiss that made them even more rosy than ever. I think, certainly, that it was the widow who made love to Peter, and not Peter to the widow.

'O how I love you! How happy I am! I never hoped for this. Bertha, dear Bertha, may I call you Bertha?'

'Of course, you may.'

The door leading on to the back-staircase opened very slowly and quietly, and the face of Max Keppen appeared there. The dog had been listening! He was very pale, with very bright eyes, plentifully decorated with tears. He was beset by two emotions: he rejoiced at Peter's happiness, and he sorrowed because he began to fear that Peter's whole love would now be given to Bertha—that none would be left for Max. He saw Peter's wife stepping in, and severing him from Peter. It was very hard, for he did so love Peter! But he was an unselfish good fellow. He had a great heart; there was room in it for all, he thought. 'I will love them both; then they will both love me.' So he gave himself up unreservedly to sympathy with Peter's happiness, and triumphed in his triumph. Discreetly he closed the door without disturbing the lovers, and disappeared, immensely comfortable.

Such was the manner of Van Slingelandt's wooing.

OCEAN-TRAVEL WITHOUT DANGER. THERE is little doubt that landsmen as well as lands-women, at sea, have a wholesome terror of being drowned, and a conviction that that accident is never unlikely to happen to them. The rapidity and delight with which all persons leap out of a boat, the instant that it touches the beach, after what is called a pleasure excursion, are not otherwise to be satisfactorily explained. They may reiterate, and do so many times—a fact which is in itself suspicious—how charming a voyage, how enjoyable a day they have had, but it is without any of the melancholy which pervades those who tell of a past pleasure. They are privately very well satisfied that the thing is over, and they alive to talk about it. The existence of sea-sickness is in this respect not an unmitigated evil, since we can always refuse offers of nautical excursions upon that plea; whereas our real reason for refusal is, that we do not feel personally secure upon that Main which Britannia is said by a somewhat exaggerated trope to rule. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? The ocean is everywhere pretty deep (or deep enough for all practical purposes, so

far as we are concerned), generally rather rough, and when an accident does happen upon it, there is commonly nothing left for us but swimming—and then, if we cannot swim! We landsmen are absolutely helpless in a case of shipwreck. In a carriage, if an incompetent driver suffers the horses to run away, we can seize the reins, and drive ourselves; in a railway train, one can at least leap out when we perceive a collision imminent; in a balloon, we can turn the gas off, and come down; but in a ship, we are utterly ignorant, powerless, and in the hands of others. This universal apprehension is indeed by no means without reason. The actual facts of the case are alarming beyond even what one would suppose without inquiry into them. Within the last few years there have been no less than fourteen first-class British and American ocean mail-steamer totally lost, with 2572 lives, and two millions and a quarter of property in ships and cargo. Six of these vessels foundered no man knows where, for none survive to point out the place of their destruction. Conceive, then, what this list must swell to, together with the similar disasters among other nations, in half a century, when commerce shall have vastly increased, and it will be at once conceded that the subject is one which should interest us all in any endeavour to prevent the continuance of such a state of things.

Mr George Catlin, author of the famous *Notes of Travel among the North American Indians*, and known to most of us in connection with the Ojibbeway nation, has been led, through much personal experience of the peril of the sea, to devise a means for the safety of human life thereon.*

'I am not,' says he, 'a naval architect, and therefore am bound by no rule or custom which may have made it a necessity, from the days of Noah, to commence a vessel by "laying the keel"; but I am free to make an innovation upon the ordinary mode, which I would propose to do, by commencing and building up the hull of an ocean-steamer without a keel, and also without a crooked timber in it. We read of our travelling friends, at the last and awful moment, when those boasted "floating palaces" of iron have carried them into the field of danger, and can no longer afford them protection, leaping into life-boats, which are swamped, and then, as the last—not *hope*, but *instinct*—clinging to a raft, floating-spar, or a hen-coop, by which humble crafts their lives are saved. If passengers can ride out a gale in safety upon a raft of spars and cordage, without a biscuit to eat, after the "noble vessel" has gone to the bottom of the ocean, why not start upon a raft, supplied with the necessaries and comforts of life, and, with steam, compel it to navigate the ocean?'

The two great objects of the machine in question are speed and safety, which, indeed, are in some sort identical in ocean-travel, since the quicker the transit, the less the liability to disease within and storm without. Mr Catlin, therefore, ignores all idea of cargo, 'which can be insured, and may, and probably must continue to be dragged in shells, through the sea, and confines his attention to passenger-ships only, travelling upon and above the surface.'

'I would propose to form the solid hull of an ocean passenger-steamer, say 250 feet in length, with 50 feet beam, of squared and seasoned white pine or cotton-wood timbers; building it up by transverse, horizontal, compact layers of such timbers, of equal size, crossing each other and the hull *diagonally*, in the manner represented in the plate [which accompanies the pamphlet]; squared with a steam-saw, so as to

* *The Steam-raft. Suggested as a Means of Security to Human Life upon the Ocean.* By G. Catlin. Falkner, Manchester. 1860.

form the most perfect solidity of timber, put together with iron and wooden bolts, obliquely driven, and laid in heated tar or pitch, or cement; planking the sides and bottom, and covering the whole with sheathing iron: thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire. The hull that I contemplate, constructed on this *diagonal* system, presenting the stiffest and strongest resistance to the accidents of the sea which human skill can devise, would be built in comparatively a short time, and being launched into its element, becomes a *raft*, upon which her upper works, her cabins, saloons, &c., being completed, she would present externally much the appearance of an ordinary steamer, though the hull, even when freighted, would be, to and above the water-line, a solid mass of timber. I thus present the anomaly of the hull of a steamer which no ocean-tempest can break—that no collision or iceberg can materially injure—that sunken rocks cannot rip open in the bottom—that cannot spring a leak—that cannot burn or carry bilge-water—and that cannot sink, unless it be charged with more than its tonnage which would always be decided at its starting-point; for what it can start with, it can carry with safety to the remotest bounds of the ocean, if it be conducted there.'

Seasoned white pine or cotton-wood log, when afloat, sinks only to or near its centre; therefore, if sawed lengthways into two equal parts, one half in the water is able to carry the other half, or nearly so, high and dry. The hull of a steamer constructed as above, will carry, then, seasoned timber nearly equal to its own bulk and weight without bringing its deck below the water-line; and if so, reasons Mr Catlin, it is able to carry, with its engine and fuel, a thousand passengers in spacious and splendid saloons (lined with zinc or copper to guard against fire, which, however, rarely originates *there*), and standing upon its solid and unconsumable deck. As for the material, there are cotton-wood timbers now growing upon the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and without knot or limb, which may be had for years to come, by those who will take the pains to cut them down and roll them into the river. These having been perfectly squared by the steam-saw, could be bored lengthways by a steam-auger, passing through the centre, taking out the heart, and greatly lessening the weight of the timber without diminishing its strength, as it is thus converted into a cylinder; then being blocked up and hermetically sealed at the ends—so that being laid in the hull they may be perfectly air and water tight—they will be ready for shipping to any part of the world. 'The hull I have proposed, constructed in this manner, perfectly shaped into the intended form, and as yet a solid mass of straight timbers, without siding, ribs, or casing of any kind, to be efficiently calked, covered with several coats of heated tar or pitch, hermetically sealing the pores of the timbers, and the joints between them, and double planked, as before mentioned; the *first*, a vertical layer of planks or ribs, extending above the deck, and of sufficient height and strength to aid in the formation of the superstructure and bulwarks; and the *second*, a longitudinal layer of less thickness, and covered, as aforesaid, if advisable, with sheathing iron, thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire.'

As for the water-tight compartments of the present boasted 'floating palaces,' Mr Catlin believes not in them, but considers them good for nothing except as advertisements. What think we of them, he inquires grimly, when they become 'sinking palaces?' For, if one of the said compartments be filled with water, the vessel is thrown out of trim, and, in a heavy sea, must needs go to pieces, as in the case of the ill-fated *Lyonnaise*. Again, in the ordinary steam-boats, during a storm, one paddle-wheel is often deeply immersed, while the other is acting upon the surface of the water; or the screw, alternately elevated and

depressed, is deranged in its action by the force of the waves passing across the stem of the vessel. But for Mr Catlin's steam-raft a *sub-motive* propeller is suggested. 'I propose an endless chain, with floats or buckets, to be delivered by a drum of large diameter upon the deck, through the hull, near its middle, into the groove, which it follows to the stern; the floats or buckets acting upon the solid and unbroken water under the centre of the vessel, and entirely below the water-line.' It is difficult, without the aid of the plates which accompany this pamphlet, to afford any very accurate idea of this propeller; or of the method by which the ballast is obtained, by breadth of beam and shallowness of draught, as well as by the groove under the centre of the hull. We can certify that it all looks at least exceedingly promising and scientific, and demands attention if only for its ingenious simplicity. While impressing upon us the fatal dangers to which all are exposed who go down to the sea in ships of the present construction, he does not neglect to remind us of their less inconveniences, such as 'that dismal and dreaded malady' of ocean-travel which is called (inadequately) sea-sickness. 'Seasickness is, I believe, but *keel*-sickness. There is nothing sickening in the simple motion of the sea; its mountain wave is the most delightful "swing" that was ever erected between the heavens and the earth. Man swims upon the highest wave, or rides it on a log or on a raft, with perfect pleasure, and free from sickness. Like the boy in a swing, if we check or otherwise derange his descending motion by a line attached to his toe, causing his head to descend faster than his feet, he is instantly "sea-sick" and glad to get his feet to the ground again. It is this complication of motion which produces sea-sickness, for which a vessel with a flat bottom and no keel [such as Mr Catlin proposes], would be the most probable remedy.' The invention of any machine whereby we might be carried across the ocean without danger, would indeed be a revolution in ship-building; but that of one which would do so without making us sick, would be an era in civilisation. The two great, and indeed only objections to ocean-travel would thus be removed. Of the practicability of Mr Catlin's ingenious scheme, we are not qualified to speak; but we may mention that, some short time back, a solid hull, or ship-raft, built somewhat after the above fashion, but unassisted by steam, did come safely over from America to this country, where it was immediately broken up and sold as timber, in accordance with the intention of the owners.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

ABOVE the teeming city hangs the moon;
The patient stars their dumb night-watches keep,
As maidens who do their sweet souls attune
To love, o'erleaning their sick lovers' sleep.
Doth not this silence, like a sudden shame,
Strike red the brows yet throbbing from the bowl?
Make calm the eyes that were but now afame?
Pierce through its earthy film, and touch the soul?
For us no more the Wine-cup and the Curse,
No more the parched Lips, the lessening Gold,
The Love that grows and dwindles with the Purse;
No more, from this, by Heaven, the fools of old!
So swear we all—meanwhile, the Starry time
More full of Pity grows, and we of Crime.

EMERITUS.

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